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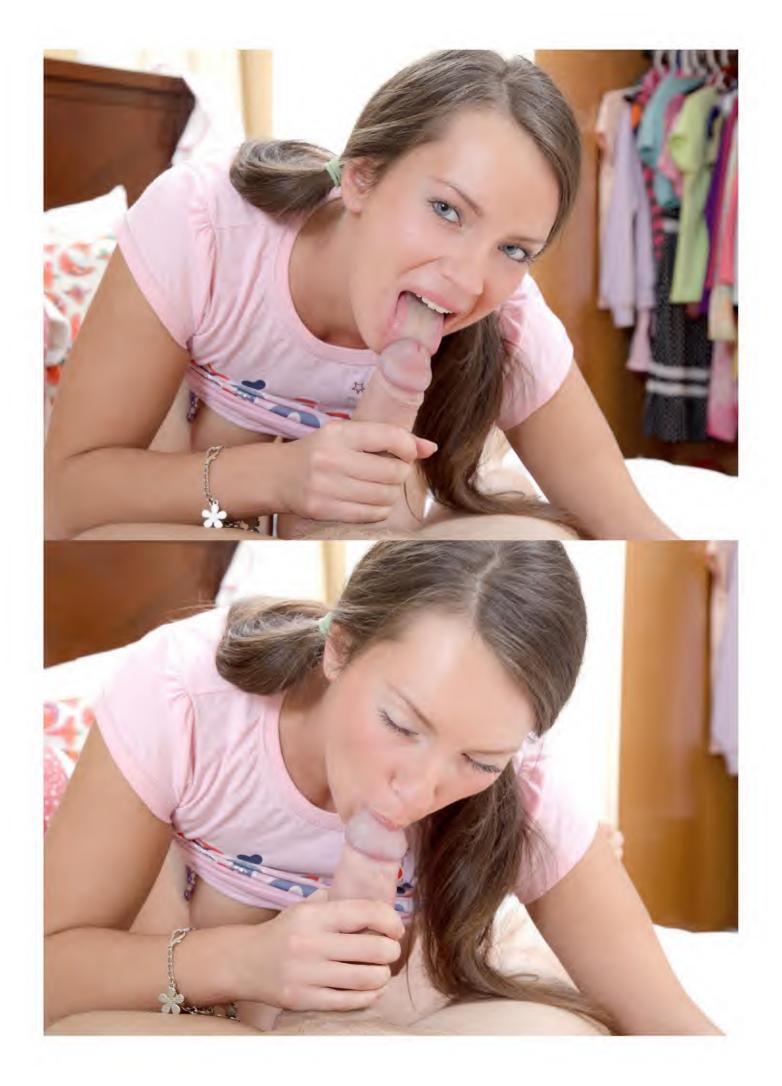




































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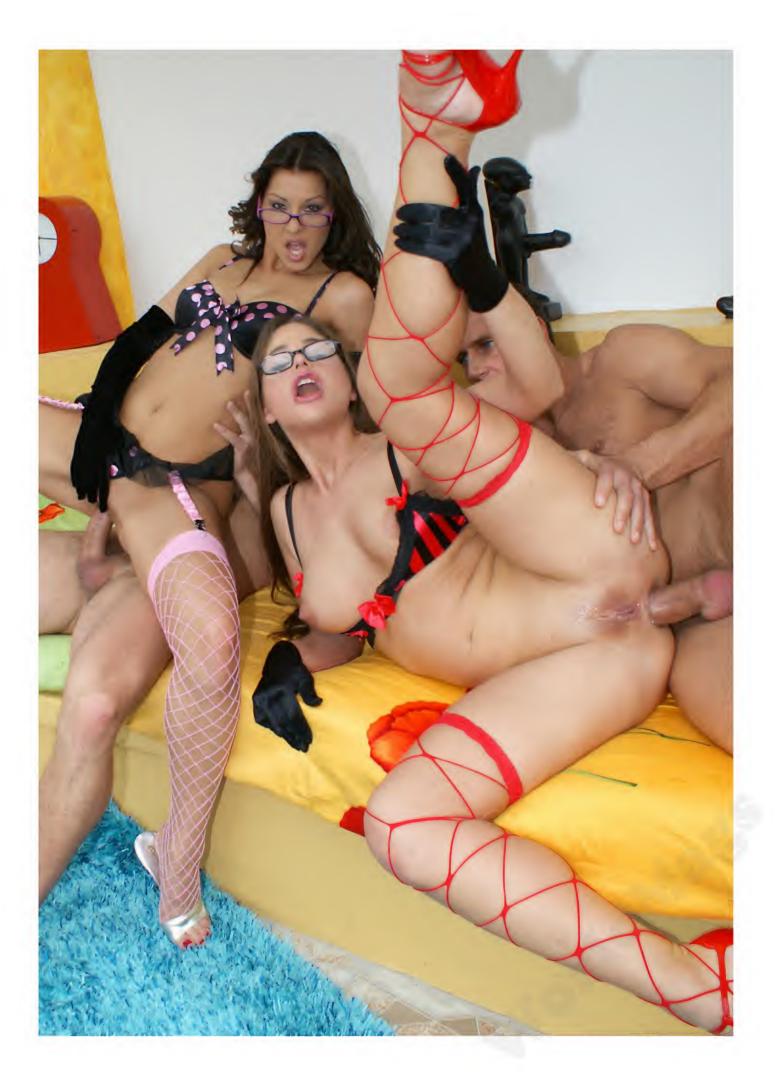






































MO LONGER

swore I was going to be a virgin the day I married. I swore there was no way I was going to have sex before my wedding night, and no way I would get married before I turned 19. But I broke those vows last Saturday night. And oh, god!—am I ever glad I did! I can't believe how much better it feels to fuck than to pet my pussy myself.

I think what happened is that when Justin touched me, he touched me in an absolutely perfect place. I mean, his fingers were bunched together and he pressed right on top of my clitty, and I thought I was going to scream out loud, it felt so good. That was the moment. That's when the

vows washed away. It just felt too good in my clitty and my pussy. And it was as though my pussy could whisper to me and say if you think this feels good, wait till you feel Justin's hard thing up inside you!

From that moment, I never hesitated. I wanted Justin's thing inside me. I grabbed his crotch and started squeezing and stroking him. It's funny: Justin moaned, and that little puppy noise affected me like more touch-



ing down there. I pretty much tore his clothes off. Not that he minded. My pussy squeezed tight when I first saw his thing. It seemed so dark, and... well, it doesn't matter what I thought, because the only thing that matters is what I felt. And what I felt was that I was going to die if I didn't get him up inside me. My pussy was going crazy, begging me, demanding to feel Justin pushing into me and rubbing all the places that were just going crazy to be rubbed.

Justin got on his knees between my legs and used his hand to guide himself to my opening. I don't know how he knew, but he got the exact right spot. The dome on the

end of his hard-on was all hot and felt velvety where it touched the outside of my pussy. I was so hot, and my pussy wanted it so bad, that I forgot all my worries about whether it would hurt. My pussy was insisting that it was going to feel good!

Justin pressed at the opening. It was like fire blazing up down there and rushing through my whole body. All the excitement I had felt was suddenly doubled. Tri-

pled. I was hotter and hornier than ever. Justin breathed hard, almost panting. He looked so sweet, with his hair sort of hanging forward and this really intent look on his face while he tried to guide himself into my pussy.

When he pushed, the hot feelings got hotter. My pussy sort of clenched, and loosened, and felt all wet, like all my muscles were turning to water.

Justin made little bumping movements with the middle of his body like we were already making love, and the pressure got more and less and more and less, and just about made me scream again with how good it felt, and with how bad my pussy wanted to feel Justin up inside me.



Suddenly Justin gasped, "Oh, shit!" and moved hard against me, and I realized as he went stiff and groaned that he was climaxing. His stuff came squirting straight into the very outer part of my pussy. His thing moved against me, jumping, and the hot stuff squirted, and my pussy still wanted to feel him inside me, but I knew I wasn't going to. I'd never done it before, but I'm not totally ignorant!

Except I was wrong! After Justin squirted all over the opening to my pussy, his thing stayed hard. And I guess maybe his stuff helped lubricate me. Anyhow, after a minute, he was pushing again, and I was humping up to meet him, and there was this weird moment that I can't describe, and then I knew Justin's hard thing was inside me! Oh, god, what a feeling!

I never had anything inside me but my finger, and believe me, a hard Justin is nothing like that! My muscles were all weak, and yet I felt like I could jump over the moon. Justin had to push and pull back and push about five times before the whole length of his hard thing would fit inside me, but when it was there, I was dy-

ing with happiness. I felt so close to him, but even more than that, I felt like I was going to fly into a million pieces and come and come and come. This was definitely better than petting my pussy in bed alone at night!

Justin made love to me, and every movement pulled my pussy tight and made my clitty tingle. I was so fired up that I felt myself getting ready to come before I even knew what was happening. I guess I actually scratched Justin's poor bare back when I came, because I lost it totally. I was on fire, and Justin's thing inside me made the fire hotter and hotter. Justin came again, too, but I couldn't feel the stuff squirting inside me because I was coming so hard. My first time was so good I can't tell you, but the second time was even better. And now Justin is going to get some rubbers, and I'm going to lose count of how many times I've fucked! I can't wait!

Felicity, Alabama

THY NEIGHBOR'S SISTER

When the bell finally rang, I opened the door to a brunette who was all long, sleek, bare legs. The 19-year-old fuck fantasy smiled uncertainly. "Are you George?" she asked. "The one with the key?"

"That's me," I said, holding it up. Her older sister, who had to work days, had left the key with me. I wasn't clear on why this stunner had to move in on such short notice, but I was about to find out why her parents had given her the boot. Instead of heading next door to her sister's place, the leggy babe eased her way inside and began to wrap her luscious body all around me.

"I hope you'll excuse me," she purred. "I'm a nymphomaniac."

"Um, that's quite all right," I stammered. She locked her crotch against the bulge in my jeans and began to grind. The fabric of her shorts was a thin cotton, and she didn't appear to be wearing any underwear beneath. My denim was scant protection against such determination. When her hands went to my zipper, I let her strip me raw. "What's your name?" I asked.

"Merilee," she said. "God, I love your dick. It's really thick, isn't it?"

"I like to think so." I dragged her own shorts down, and Merilee giggled prettily as I made her as naked as I was. She had one of those tight, high-arched asses that goes so well with a pair of mile-long legs, and she showed it off by skipping ahead of me down the hall to my own bedroom. (All of the houses in this neighborhood had similar floor plans, so it didn't take a genius to figure out where the waterbed lived.) Pulling me down to

the sheets, she began to roll around with me across the mattress.

"Get it wet in my mouth," she suggested.

"If you insist," I said with a grin.

Her young, flexible face stretched itself beautifully over the length of my dick. A man is seldom lucky enough to encounter beauty, skill, youth, and enthusiasm in one compact package. I blessed my lucky stars as I stirred myself around at the back of her hard-working throat. Just when I thought I was going to explode, her knowing fingers kneaded strategically at the base of my tool and also in the area of my balls. It was just enough



to keep me from ejaculating.

"I've got to have it deep inside my pussy," she said, without a trace of apology. Rolling waves heaved through the waterbed mattress as she climbed up on all fours and presented me with the sleek curves of the best, most undimpled ass I'd ever seen. I hunched down behind and streaked between her low-hanging pink lips, connecting our two bodies in a classic doggy-style screw. Her inner walls were elastic but surprisingly tight. She was so wet, so warm, and so muscular on the inside that I thought I'd died and gone to fuck heaven.

I moaned. "How can you be so tight if you're a nymphomaniac?"

She shrugged, sending delightful ripples through my body. "I'm just naturally small on the inside, that's all. It takes a nice, big dick to open me the way that I need to be opened."

Because I was stroking from behind, it was easy and natural for me to set the pace of the fuck. I didn't notice for several minutes that she was slowly but inexorably increasing the speed. She was so slick that I barely realized that her suction-cup pussy was literally sucking me faster and farther into her depths! Now, I've heard of milk muscles inside a woman's slit, but I've always thought it was just an interesting figure of speech. For the first time, I encountered a girl who actually knew how to control her inner musculature in order to suck and pull and tug forcefully on a man's toolkit.

"Oh god," I sighed. "I'm going to explode, baby. There's no way I can hold back when you're doing me like that."

She gasped out something completely incoherent. Hidden muscles bunched even more furiously inside her pussy. She went tense all over, pressing every magic button along the length of my shaft. Then we were both coming explosively, our united bodies jogging fast and furiously. The intensity of the vibrations working through her interior made it seem as if she were turning my dick inside out. My lower body became one big happy nerve ending. We throbbed together, both of us grunting, gasping, even screaming.

"Oh god, oh fuck," I groaned.

"Yes, yes, yes, fucking yes!" she shrieked.

We couldn't stop shuddering. She experienced such a wrenching convulsion that she blasted my still-quivering dick right out of her hole. I looked down in time to see thick, clotted lumps of my spunk raining down from her newly opened pussy. The strong stench of my jism filled the air, and long streamers of my juices ran down the insides of her thighs. She was still shaking, and now that I held myself a little away from her, I could watch the post-orgasmic contractions working their way through her ass and upper thighs.

"Wow," I murmured.

"So intense," she agreed.

It was probably time for a shower, but first I had to clean her off with my diligent tongue. The taste of her sexual sauce mixed with my spunk was so arousing that I quickly discovered that I'd regained my erection. Merilee giggled as she squeezed my slippery stiffness.

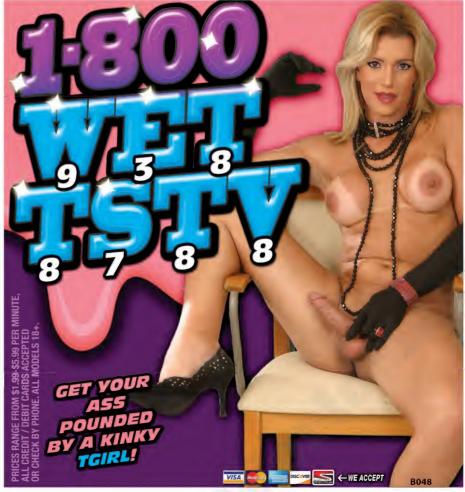
"How about an instant replay?" she asked. "Let's see if it was really as good as we thought it was."

It was every bit as good. Hell, it was better.

George, Nova Scotia









It's always been my fantasy to get married. It's not about the married life but only for the first two days. It's bout dressing up in my spectacular wedding gown, and then taking it off on my honeymoon to reveal my really sexy wedding lingerie. Then, I'd let my new husband slowly take it off my and we'd get down to nuptial bliss. I can't wait! Here's a preview.





























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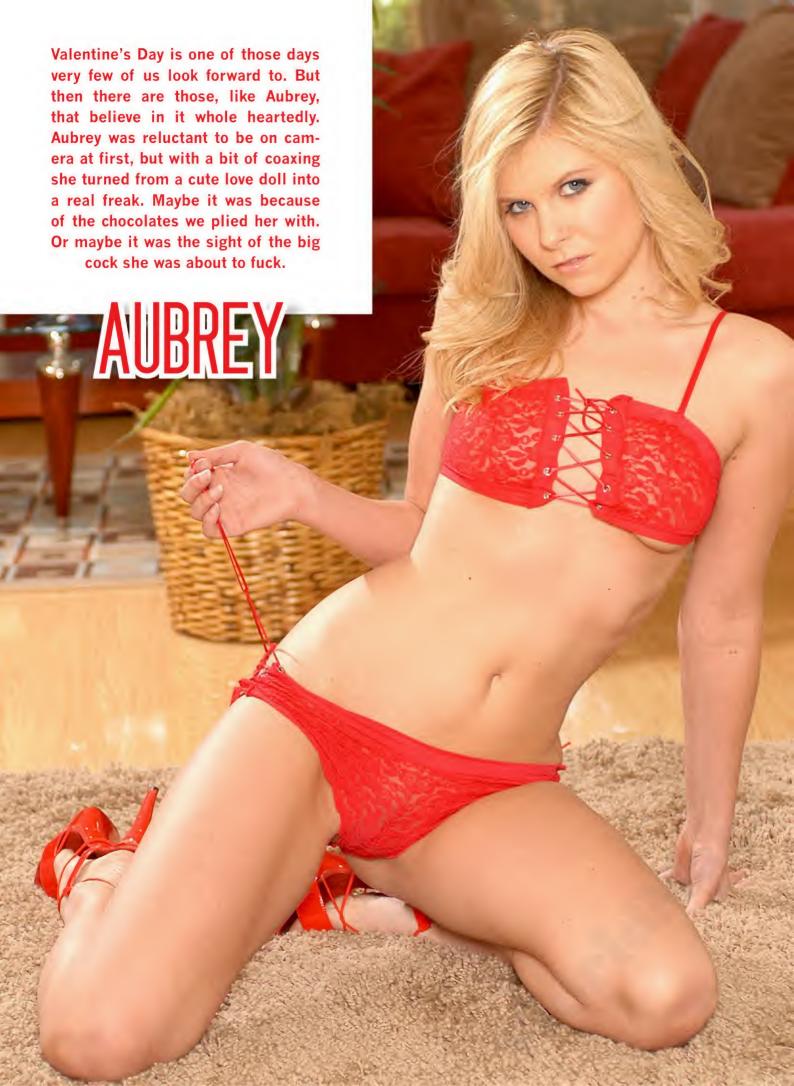
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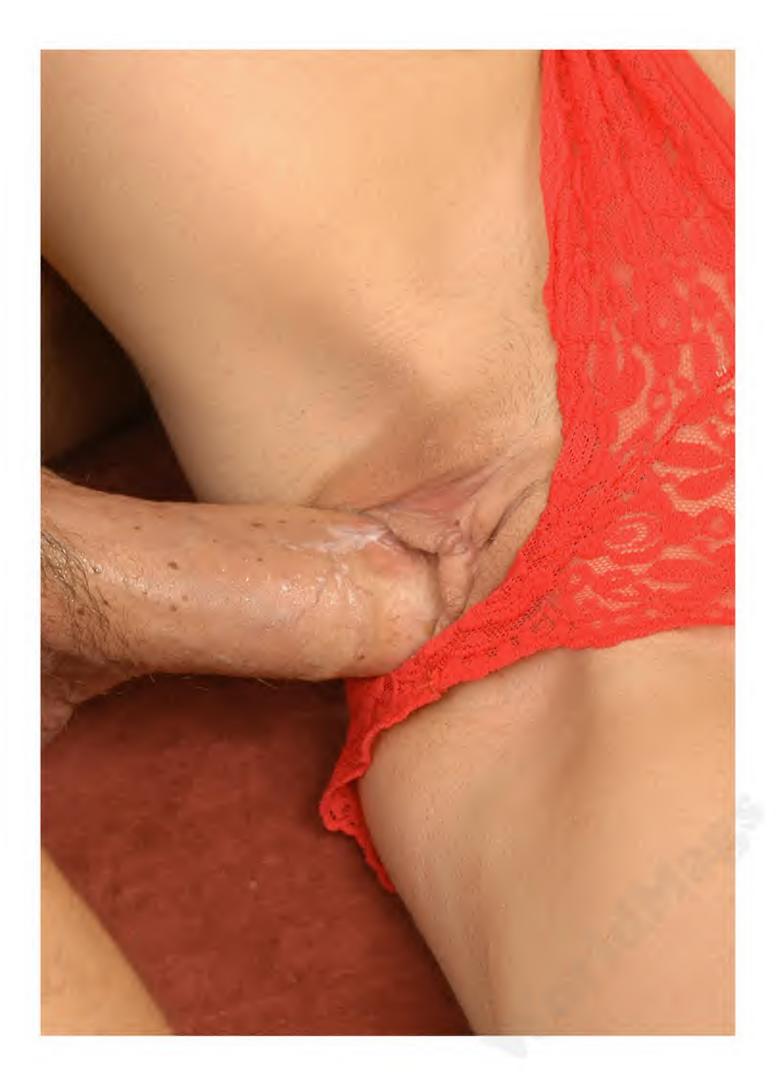






















THE SUMMER OF COMPLETION



Camp Kirby had changed in two years. Getting out of my car, I walked onto the nearly deserted main grounds and looked around in wonderment. How could the place look so unfamiliar? I had started as a camper here and worked my way up to counselor. I had been one of "Uncle Bud's" favorites. The director had been terribly disappointed when, after my first summer as a counselor, I declined to return.

But my mind was made up, even though I couldn't explain it to my folks. How could I? How could I tell them about... about... what had happened? Geez, I couldn't even say it to myself—how on earth could I tell them?

I certainly would have preferred to have been at camp rather than studying.

The following spring, Uncle Bud called again, pleading with me to reconsider. "Gee, I'm losing all my best girls," he moaned. "Shawna and Allison and Evy aren't coming back this year either." I had experienced my first serious love—past tense, now—and my first lover. Maybe that would prove that I was normal. But who was I trying to prove it to? Evy wasn't here anymore.

I continued crossing the campus toward the main building, surveying all the changes. The bunks had been freshly painted and were now a cheery yelSomething had happened... or almost happened... between the two of them that had sent Marianne running, running away from Evy, running to prove she was really "normal." But now...

low. The arts and crafts building had a new wing added. The boathouse, down at the lake, had a new porch on the side. It was on the old porch that I had asked Evy if—just hypothetically, just wondering—she thought it was a sin for a girl to kiss another girl. And she had answered, "I never thought about it." And stood even closer to me and put her hand on my arm, then pulled it away very fast.

It was behind the curtains of the old stage that our lips had met, Evy's mouth pressing hard against mine for a moment. I checked in at the main building. Uncle Bud was there. He kissed me effusively, welcoming me back. "Orientation's at 4 in the rec hall—did you see the new building?" I assured him I had. "You're in Bunk 6, with the eight-year-olds. You've got two hours. Why don't

you go settle in? Your trunk arrived safely. It's at the foot of your bed. You can unpack—or just rest up. Oh, and I've got a surprise for you."

"Yes?" I asked, expectantly.

"You'll see." His eyes twinkled, but he wasn't giving any clues. I supposed I'd have to wait till the meeting to find out what it was. But I was wrong. I found out the minute I walked in the door of the bunk and came face to face with my co-counselor.

Evy was back, and we were in the same bunk.

"Marianne!" She looked as if she was just as startled to see me as I was to see her. I froze, standing stock still in the doorway. "Marianne, I—I—I'm glad to see you again."

She took the first step. Walking over to where I was, she said, "May I?" then sat down next to me. "I—I've thought of you. Often," she said. "I missed you last summer."

I looked up at her. Her face seemed to be getting nearer to mine. Or was it just that everything else was fuzzy? My vision was swimming, my head buzzing. Her breathing sounded ragged, and I could see how tense her body was. And then our lips met.

Her touch was soft, her taste unbearably sweet. One hand rose to my















shoulder, touching me lightly, then suddenly gripping me tightly. "Oh, Marianne!" Her voice was strangely choked with emotion. Then, apparently deciding actions spoke more strongly than words, she abandoned her floundering speech and gripped me full-on with both hands on my arms and pulled me to her in a fierce kiss that seared my lips and surprised me with its intensity.

Our upper bodies met, and her firm, petite boobs pressed strongly against my own boobs, her rigid nipples drilling an indentation into my soft breasts. My nipples similarly jutted into her pliant breast-flesh, and a flush spread through my body that began in my boobs, traveled to my pussy, and then fanned out throughout my body.

Throwing caution to the winds, we yanked off our clothes and tumbled back onto my bed together.

Her mouth enveloped my boob and began to suck and greedily swallow at it, while her tongue flicked around the distended nipple and tormented the rigid point into total attention. Her fingertips tenderly stroked my shoulder, then worked their way down, till at last she was at my hip. There she seemed to suddenly grow shy, afraid to go farther.

"Don't stop!" I implored her, the voice seeming to come from someone else, wrenched from me with no volition of my own.

"I've only done this once before."

As her fingers trailed determinedly to my pussybush, I grew suddenly selfconscious of how wet I was, my pussynectar drenching my tendrils as well as the slit they forested. I moved a hand to stop her, then hesitated.

I shivered at the feel of her fingers touching my come-button. I did want her. Oh! I wanted her so badly! I was a pool of want, a mass of exposed nerves, a dry forest long without rain into which a careless person had just tossed a match. Boom! I was going up in flames.

Evy's finger slowly moved on my clit. She circled the promontory teasingly, her finger maddeningly slow in its progress, tormenting me rather than helping me. "Faster!" I groaned. "Faster!"

"We have an hour till orientation." Her finger slid deliberately off-center and toyed with the pool of slush in the groove of my pussy.

"Faster! What if someone comes and sees us?" My voice was hoarse and ragged with want.

"No one will catch us. You forget this bunk is at the end of the line. And we'll hear if someone is outside." Her thumb found my clit and pressed lightly on it. Ahhh. She was back on target. But she still moved slowly, still tormented me.

"What do you want me to do to you?" I stroked her thigh as I asked. I wasn't interested in reciprocating just to play fair; I thought that if I got her hot, she might move faster on me.

"Whatever you want," she answered with a twinkle. "Use your imagination." Her thumb began stroking

my honeyed clit faster, while her other hand swirled rapidly around my throbbing nipple.

Hesitantly yet cagerly I inched up her firm thigh till my fingers were caught in the tangle of her lush pubes. Those hairs were just as soaked with her rain of fluids as mine were. Evy wanted me too! The realization hit home and emboldened me, and I hurried to burrow into the folds of her pussy, seeking out her fat, swollen clit and moving quickly on it.

I used a motion I occasionally use on myself for variety. Instead of zipping back and forth across the very tip, I grasped her elongated clit, her sweet little organ of pleasure, between my thumb and middle finger, then moved my fingers upward till they slid off her clit. Repeating the motion over and over, I tantalized her and teased her till she couldn't take any more. "Rub it!" she gasped, breathless in her urgent need.

I chuckled, feeling powerful to hear her beg me, and did even better than what she had asked. Taking a deep breath, I squirmed around and buried my face between her thighs.

Now Evy really gasped. "Ohmigod!" she squealed as my lips kissed her labes and my fingers parted them to allow me direct access to her clit. "Ohgod!" she groaned as my tongue darted out and made eager contact with her throbbing clit. "Ohhh!" as I began dragging my excited tongue across the landscape of her clit, through her slit,









tasting her slush, reveling in the spicy tang, flicking against the inner labes, glorying in knowing her female parts intimately.

She left my clit alone completely then, but I no longer cared. I feasted on pussy, lapped her clit, got my mouth drenched with her syrup, and so thoroughly enjoyed what I was doing that I could almost ignore the throbbing demands of my still-unsatisfied pussy.

But at last I grew so hot that, without even realizing what I was doing, I parked my pussy over her leg and began to shamelessly hump it like a male dog riding a visitor seated on a couch.

"Oh, I want you so badly!" I mumbled thickly, pulling my face up from her pussy to speak.

"You've got me," Evy pointed out with a chuckle. "Now, what are you going to do with me?"

"This," I said, driving my tongue as far up her churning pussy-tunnel as I could while diddling her clit with my thumb. Then I started moving my thumb as fast as I could across her blood-engorged clit. My thumb wouldn't take no for an answer. And my tongue continued searching up inside her pussy-tunnel, slurping up the sluicing fluids as quickly as they cascaded down from above, from inside, from the depths of Evy's feminine core.

And as I did I mercilessly humped my frantic pelvis against her leg-bone, driving hard toward the biggest climax of any I'd had in my life. Bigger than the orgasm of my deflowering. Bigger than the wildest orgasm any vibrator had ever given me. Bigger than anything I had ever experienced in all my years of being sexually awake. It was about to hit me like the grandmother of all tsunamis.

But Evy's hit hers first. With the ferocity of a wild tigress, she threw her pelvis madly into the air and screeched out a strangled cry of need as the first wave hit. I felt her pussy shudder under my tongue's touch, felt the contractions ripple along the walls of her steaming canal. Then the strongest wave enveloped her, and she stiffened totally, her body curved up into the air like an archer's bow. She quivered. She shook. And then she relaxed just as I geared up to come. And it hit me, with all the force of a wrecking ball, and I humped down against her leg.

My pussy nectar was streaming onto her leg, my juices squishing in that little area between my pussy and her leg, and she was sitting up, and she was putting her arms around me, and she was gentling me through the fury of my climax, and she was loving me and telling me it had felt so good, so good, and she hoped that mine was just half, even a tenth as good as hers had felt.

And Evy's hands were on my back, and then around me, and comforting me, and loving me, and warming me, and holding me in the afterglow. And I was lying, my face still muffled in Evy's muff, my spent pussy now motionless atop Evy's leg, breathless and heaving with the effort to catch my breath, to-

tally satisfied and utterly at peace.

We drifted off to sleep still cuddled together, although in a better position. I had crawled up till my face was next to Evy's, and our lips were still touching lightly as we fell into the arms of a well-deserved slumber. We woke up at quarter-to-four, and Evy said, "The meeting's going to start soon. We'd better get dressed."

"Are you sure we don't have time for another?" I still couldn't voice my needs, still couldn't form the words, but it didn't matter anymore. We had done it. We had lived it. We were lovers. We were a couple. Putting it into words would come to me later. There was no urgency. We had all summer. . . .

Which was exactly the thought Evy expressed right then. "We have all summer," she said. "We'll have nights off together. We'll have other times, too. We'll have each other."

We walked across the campus to the orientation meeting. The newly applied yellow paint gleamed from the bunks. The newly built rec hall awaited us. The new theater building looked welcoming. But the biggest change was in me.

I would have other boyfriends besides my recent lover, I knew. Guys would never cease to be an important part of my life. But neither would other girls. Evy had taught me that. And now. . .two years late, but better late than never. . I had Evy. And I had myself, and the true recognition of what I was—a bisexual and finally comfortable with it. Ahhhhhh!











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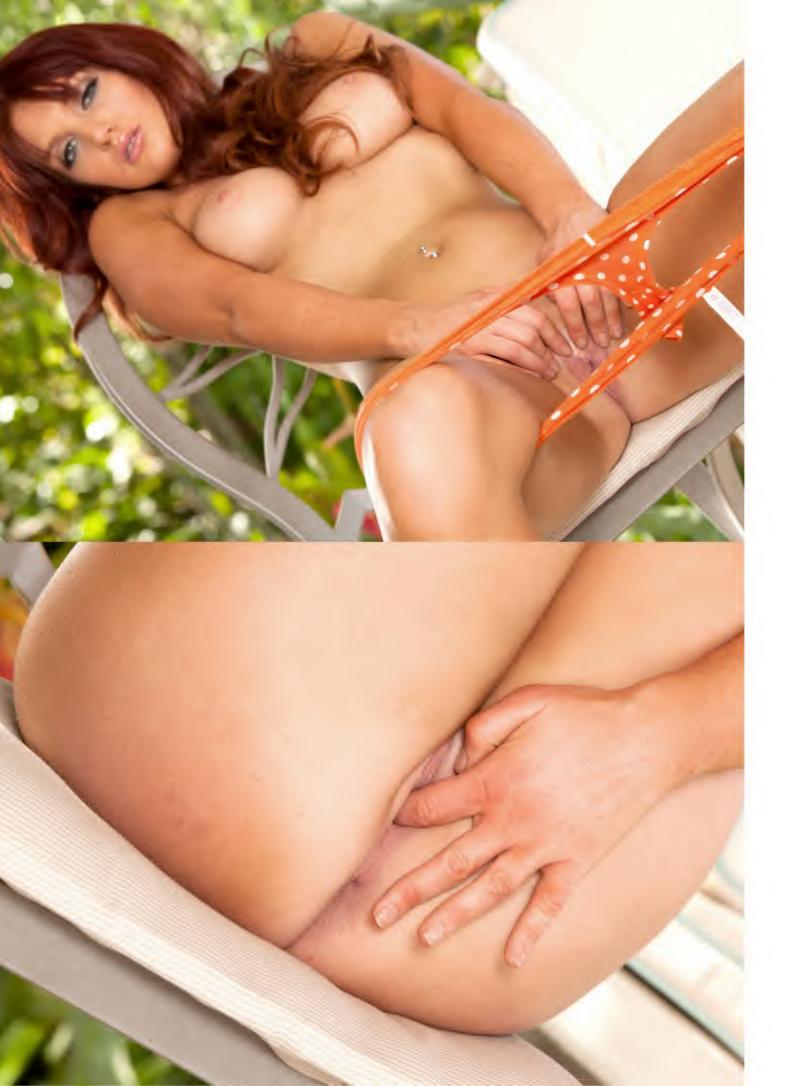
















































































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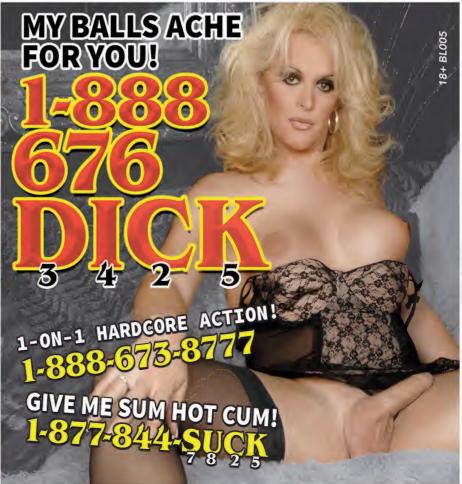












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